A Godly Deed.

What constitutes a Godly deed? I saw a child.
With fevered, trembling limbs and visage wild,
Extended on a car-seat, underneath his head
A man's rough great coat, pillow both and bed.

He was a wee, small boy, a messenger by trade,
As might be seen by jaunty cap and braid;
The silver letters o'er the forepiece small
Marked the wee man a toiler with us all.

And he was deathly sick; the swimming eye
Through jarring windows scanned the wintry sky,
The cracked and parching lips with baby pout
Sent gasps of pain or hurried breathings out.

So baby-like he seemed in his unrest,
I longed to fondly clasp him to my breast,
Tear off the cap and badge with angry cry,
And sing the fevered boy a lullaby.

And as I watched the face of white and red,
I saw a grizzled man stoop o'er his head,
And with great, horny hands caress his face,
Then in the corner near him takes his place.

Standing upright and swaying with the train
The whole day through, to save the sick lad pain;
Weary and foot-sore, ever on his feet,
To make the lad a couch upon his seat.

Why should our artists always limn or paint
Some priest or woman as the pattern saint?
Lives there no love divine in coarser clay!
Beat there no great, strong hearts in hodden gray?

The world lacks romance, but the laughing crowd,
From wayside cities when, with greetings loud,
They thronged the cars and pressed to find a place,
Instinctive paused above the fevered face:

Then gazed with veneration on the man,
And turned and turned again his face to scan,
Like homage rendered at a coarse, rude shrine,
Which bears in wood or stone the form divine.

My destination reached, I turned and gaze
Down the long car and in the twilight haze,
Erect and watchful stands the guardian form,
While the long train onward thunders in the storm.

Long on my heart the picture will remain;
The weary baby form and face of pain,
The silent patience of the great true man,
Who gave himself as only true men can.

O fevered, restless children, heirs of pain,
Who forms thy couch, or soothes thy burning brain?
Dost see above thee one Majestic Form,
As onward thou art hurled in cloud and storm?

—*A. T. Worden, in Utica Observer.*

Haunted.

When candle flames burn blue, 282 ?22
Between the night and morning.
I know that it is you.
My love, that was true,
And that I killed with scorning.

The watch-dogs howl and bay;
I pale and leave off smiling,
Only the other day,
I held your heart in play,
Intent upon beguiling.

A little while ago
I wrung your soul with sighing;
Or brought a sudden glow
Into your cheek by low,
Soft answers, in replying.

My life was all disguise,
A mask of feints and fancies;
I used to lift my eyes,
And take you by surprise,
With smiles and upward glances.

And now, where'er I go,
Your sad ghost follows after;
And blue the flame burns low,
And doors creak to and fro,
And silent grows the laughter.

—*The Argosy.*

DIANA'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A Georgia Sketch.

"Miss Jasmin, I don' b'lieve dat nigger wants to marry me," Diana said, with a sullen visage one morning. "He ain't ast Mars Gordon yet, an' here it's mos' time for de weddin'. I ain't goin' o, ..n' no foolishness. He's comin' here to-night, an' I'm goin' to listen an' see ef he offers to go in de house, an' ef he don' mean business he's got to git out o' here. I never ast him to marry me; I never 'vanced no matrimonial conversation at all; an' now he's done ast me, he's got to go on or quit."

"Where do you expect to get married, Diana?" I asked. "At home or at church?"

"La, Miss Jasmin, I never could stan' it to go up dat dar chu'ch aisle and git married 'fo' all dem folks. I wants to git married here at home; leas'ways, ef I marry dat nigger at all. Time he was axin Mars Gordon fo' me ef he wants me; I boun' I'll lay him out wid a poker ef I fin' he's foolin' wid me."

It seemed that he was not. About 8 that evening Diana looked in upon Gordon and me, as we sat alone by the fire, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Mr. Brinley is here, an' axes de favor ob a few minute's conversation," she said.

"Diana! Diana! Did you ask him if he 'meant business'?"

"No'm, Miss Jasmin; he offered fer to come hisse'f. Kin he come in?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," Gordon said; and as Diana shut the door he observed, "I have some curiosity to see what kind of a man she has chosen, haven't you?"

"Yes; but isn't it funny she should send him to ask you? Is that a relic of slavery?"

"I suppose so. I don't think it is at all usual, though; but Diana has her own ideas. She thinks herself safer of fair treatment if a white man is consulted. Have you never noticed how much afraid negroes are of each ther?"

Before I could reply there was a tap at the door. Gordon threw me a serio-comic look, and called out, "Come in!"

Diana's priestly admirer entered. He was a stout, thick-set young man, certainly not 30 years old, with a heavy jaw, a furtive eye, and a not at all winning smile. He had a close-curled mustache and whiskers, and was very well dressed in black.

"Good ebenin', Mist' Alexander; 'd ebenin', Miss' Alexander; 'd ebenin', sah," he said, bowing from the one to the other.

"Good evening, Mr. Brinley," said Gordon, with great politeness. "Take a chair. What can I do for you this evening?"

"Well, sah, I donno, sah, as there's any thin' you kin do fo' me dis ebenin', sah," said the suitor, with what struck me as mingled bashfulness and effrontery; he smiled as one very well pleased with himself, but sat uneasily on a chair in the corner, and twisted his hat.

"You have been coming here to see the cook for some time, I understand," Gordon said, suggestively.

"Yes, sah. I thought as 'twas best to let you know, sah, dat I proposed to carry off your cook," replied Mr. Brinley, relieved of his embarrassment.

"To carry her off? Do you mean you are going to set up housekeeping?"

"Oh, no, sah; no, sah; such was not my meanin's. No, sah; I proposed for her to keep right on cookin' here. She say as how Miss' Alexander thinks a mighty heap o' her."

"I do think a great deal of her," I said, "and am very anxious to have her do well if she marries. Do you want to marry her?"

"Yes, ma'am; we've bin a-talkin' roun' dat way, an' she' 'cepted of me."

"What can you do to make her any happier, if she takes you?" I inquired, to draw him out.

"Well, 'm, I donno 'bout happiness," he said, phlegmatically, with the same unaltered smile.

"Isn't a pity to marry unless you do?"

"Well, 'm, I reckon we'll git on somehow."

"That is all you have to say?" demanded Gordon. "You wish to know if it's agreeable to us for you to have a room in the yard, and if we are willing for you to marry our cook and stay here at night?"

"Yes, sah."

"You are away all day?"

"Yes, sah."

"Where do you work? You're a preacher, are you not?"

"Yes, sah; I b'longs to the Alabama Conference; it's sickly whar I was, an' I cleared out an' come here 'count o' my health" (he did not look as if he had ever known a sick day), "an' I'm layin' bricks now fo' de men as built dis yer house fo' you. I was butcherin' fo' a mont' or two, but I done quit dat."

"Very well, sir; I have nothing to say against your plans, if I hear no harm of you between now and the wedding. That is all, I believe."

"I knows mos' white folks don' like to ha' colored men runnin' about deir groun's," the clerical bricklayer observed, in an obsequious way. "Seems like niggers got tar on deir fingers, folks tells me—every thin' dey touches sticks to 'em. But you won't ha' no trouble wid me, sah; I don't handle nuffin what don' b'long to me."

Not at all more favorably impressed by this declaration, Gordon regarded him critically.

"You are legally free to marry?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah! I is!"

"Never been married?"

"No, sah; not but once, sah."

"Wife dead?"

"No, sah; she's livin', sah."

"How's that?"

"Well, sah, you see I married her when I was quite a boy, sah. She was a very han'some woman, sah, an' I was a boy, full o' nonsense an' mischief; I didn' know much 'bout her; but I married her, an' we hadn't bin married two weeks when her husban' come along an' claimed her. He was mad 'bout my marryin' her, an' tried to pick a quar'l, but I tole him I didn't know nothin' 'bout the woman; I didn' know she was his wife, an' he could take her; so he took her along wid him, an' dat was de las' of her fo' me. Dat was a long time ago. I didn' know what love was, dem days."

"Well, sir; if Diana is willing to marry you, the matter is settled," Gordon said; and our visitor took his departure.

"A villainous face," Gordon said, stirring the fire and opening the window to the mild moonlit air. "I am sorry for Diana if she marries him. You'd better advise her not to. The fellow is a rogue."

Diana was not to be advised, however. She sent by me a petition to "Mars Jedge" to perform the marriage ceremony, which was to take place in our dining-room; an office which "Mars Jedge" decidedly declined, on the ground that Diana had better not marry any body if she was to be worth having in the kitchen. The Judge having refused, however, the next choice was a negro preacher, whose services were readily engaged, and I promised myself a rich treat in witnessing his style of "tying the knot."

The day before that set for the wedding, Diana brought me in a mass of white flounces and ribbons, and spread out before me a dress which she desired me to look at.

"Miss' Jasmin, does you think dis yer dress is worth two dollars?" she asked.

It was a coarse white tarletan, with an immense train, and much "drapery" made over white paper cambric, with the shiny side out, and stuck all over with common white satin bows. The basque was of satin, of a very cheap grade, and the neck and sleeves were finished with an intensely "showy" pattern in white blonde lace. Altogether, it was the wreck of an attempt at cheap display, and bore the marks of usage.

"Why, Diana, I thought you had agreed just to wear your best dress, and look like a sensible woman," I said. "You would look much better in that gray suit, with a collar, cuffs, and some ribbons I have for you. It is more usual, too, to wear a colored dress for a second marriage."

"Miss Jasmin, I ain't never been married before, an' I don't want folks sayin', 'La, look yonder; he done married a ole woman!'"

"But I thought you said you were not going to spend your money on wedding fixings, and let your children go without new clothes."

"La, Miss Jasmin, so I did, an' I tole him so, an' he said he'd git me the finest dress, ef I'd gi' him my measure—"

"And did you?"

"No'm; t'wouldn't do, Miss Jasmin. Men can't never git over it ef you let 'em gi' you anythin'; they'll throw it up to you after you's married, how good they was to you. Huh!" with scorn. "No, ma'am. I'm gwine to git me a dress myse'f. Don' make no diffrunce 'bout de chillun. I ain't goin' to have dem 'roun' dat night; nobody ain' goin' to see deir cloes."

"They are not to see you married!"

"No'm! Why, folks'll say I's ole ef dey see dose chillun stan'in' roun'. Marthy's got to take 'em off'n my hands dat night, fo' sho'."

"But you say you only want to ask six or eight people, that know you very well—isn't that all?"

"Yes'm; Brother Peter Davis an' his wife; Uncle Jerry an' his wife; Fanny Favors an' her husban'; Aunt Julie, an' Aunt Charlotte, an' Marthy, an' Wesley Jordan; dat's eight, ain' it?"

"Well, they know you've had children, and they know the children themselves."

"Tain't like seein' 'em, Miss Jasmin!"

"Poor things! They'll want some of your cake and ice-cream."

"I'll save 'em some. Miss Jasmin, would you buy dis dress?"

"I wouldn't, but I've no doubt you will."

"A white lady was married in it at the Second Baptis' Chu'ch, Aunt Charlotte say; an' Aunt Charlotte's daughter bought it from her fo' $6, an' she was married in it two months ago; an' now she say I kin ha' it fo' $2; but I don't b'lieve I'll buy it; I'll git her to lemme borry it—wouldn' you, Miss Jasmin?"

"Why, she won't lend it to you if she wants to sell it."

"Yes'm, she will. Huh! Comin' to my weddin', an' eatin', an' frolickin', an' not len' me a dress to war! Yes'm, she will lemme borry it!"

And out went Diana, carrying her finery.

In the afternoon I went out to the kitchen and called Diana, gave her the keys, and told her to bring eggs, sugar and so forth from the store-room, and we would make her wedding cake. I was determined to practically as well as theoretically, encourage so moral a proceeding as matrimony.

"I'll git 'em; but it'll be your cake, not mine, Miss Jasmin," Diana said, soberly.

"What is the matter?"

"Dat nigger's goin' to fool me."

"Why do you think so?"

"He didn't come las' night, but I thought he'd git aroun' here to-day or to-night; but I heerd dat he was engaged to another woman, an' had done skipped de country wid some o' her money. You reckon it's so, Miss Jasmin?"

I asked for her informant, but, as the news seemed to come very indirectly, advised her to suspend judgment and see if he did not appear to-night; so we mixed and made cake, and got all in readiness.

The night came, and also the day—the wedding day; afternoon, night, and still the lover came not!

Never was woman so inconsolable! Diana amazed me. She wept. She who had always vowed she did not love the man, declared now that she did; I tried to comfort her with the assurance of his rascality; I congratulated her; I tried to stir her pride; all was in vain. She brought in our dinner with the air of one who serves up a solemn sacrifice, and handed the water-pitcher with tears upon her cheeks. I felt inhuman, to sit calmy and be served by her; I felt, with real compunction, a genuine alarm at remembering that we were to have company to dine next day.

To give Diana her due, however, the "company dinner" was excellent; but a few minutes after she passed beneath the window, shawled and bonneted, looking very fierce. Late that night she came home, making no excuse for her absence. When it was inquired into she coolly said that she had heard that "dat nigger" was in town and that she had gone to kill him, but could not find him anywhere. She was quite serious, and Gordon said that "Mr. Brinley" would keep out of her way if he were prudent.

"He was engaged to another 'oman, Miss Jasmin," she observed a week or two later; "an' she was fool enough to gi' him all her money, an' he makin' 'tense (pretence) like he needed it to he'p pay fo' a house he'd done bought fo' 'em to live in. She gi'n him $30, an' sole her furniture to do it! But he nuver got much out of me, sho!"

"Did you give him any money?"

"Well, Miss Jasmin, he tuk me to a treat, one night, an' he paid fo' eve'ythin'; but I was so biggitty (bigoted—a negro name for false pride) dat I gin him my pu'se wid a dollar in it, case to show him I had money ef I wanted anythin'; an' he never did gi' it back to me, an' I forgot it twell now! But, la! What's one dollar to thirty!"

Gordon and I are very anxious for Mr. Brinley's return. Gordon feels a sincere animosity towards our cook's faithless swain. He also suspects him of sundry pieces of meat we missed about the time of his last visit. But we learn that he has returned to Alabama—that unhealthy place—whence a robust brother of an entirely competent wife came to summon him to a christening!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Weather Wisdom.

The falling of the barometer in the interior, reported on the 29th ult., seems to illustrate the tendency of certain types of weather when once fairly set in, as noted by Blauford, Glaisher and other weather students, to produce themselves and impress their peculiarities on a whole season. The barometric depression which has prevailed more or less in the west and northwest since last October, though small, ought not to escape the notice of our meteorologists, as its continuance will have great influence in determining the winter rainfall over the trans-Mississippi grain-growing region, and consequently of the agricultural yield next summer. The *Herald* has already pointed out the powerful agency of this meteorological phenomenon in connection with the mild winter, but it is of the greatest moment that its possible effect on the precipitation of the country and the crop prospects be carefully studied, for it is in winter that the moisture needed for summer vegetation must in large measure, either in the shape of rain or snow, be deposited on the soil.

The winds of winter which cross the Rocky Mountains bring but little moisture to the northwest, their value to the agriculturist consisting only in their power to condense vapor borne thither by southerly winds, which scarcely reached this region in December. By comparing the rain and snowfall data it appears that in October the rainfall was below the normal from Minnesota westward to the plateau districts; in November there was a small deficiency in the upper Missouri Valley and Minnesota, while in December there was a slight deficiency from the upper Mississippi Valley northwestwardly for some distance. These deficiencies, trifling as they appear to be, are worthy of vigilant attention. But as they result from the general distribution of continental pressure, the latter feature of our winter meteorology must be diligently investigated.

The Smithsonian researches have strikingly established "a certain tendency to an arrangement of groups of years of drought followed by unusually wet years." Although in the East the Alleghanies will, as it now appears, have no great snow accumulations to be liquified in the spring and discharged into the rivers flowing from them, the rain supply to the present date is in excess. But if the meteorological status undergoes no change in the interior, the case may be otherwise in the northwest.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Antique Butter.

Butter in the literal, not the metaphorical, acceptation of the word, is known to be a very ancient invention. Fancy, left to itself, may devise various ways in which the not very obvious transformation of a white and speedily decomposing fluid into a yellow and tolerably lasting solid may have been hit upon. Perhaps the original butter-maker put some milk into a bag when he went for a ride, and after an exciting chase of the casual wild animal, discovered that his bag contained butter. Such a process is said to be gone through intentionally at present by that favorite of travelers and novelists, the wild horseman of the pampas. At any rate, most ancient languages have words for butter, and butter itself of very respectable antiquity has been recently discovered. At a recent meeting of the Society of Public Anylists, Professor Church read a paper on two such discoveries. One was Irish butter found in a peat bog and supposed to be 1,000 years old. It is not said that the sample was submitted to or tested by those important persons, the managers of the Cork butter market. But it was decided to be unquestionably butter, though altered and turned into something like cheese and rather like tallow by the vegetable matter surrounding it.

The other was much more venerable, and was, as may be guessed, Egyptian. It was found carefully potted, and judged to be 2,500 years old, was only a little turned, and still tasted and smelt like butter. There are very few food products which have been known to attain any thing like this age, even wine, the very idea of which is usually associated with keeping, being apt to disappear or lose its characteristics.

—Mr. James L. Forbes, an American tea-grower residing in the East Indies, writes that all that is needed is capital and enterprise to make tea-growing a success in Florida.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.

USE OF LEMONS.—Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for colds, as it acts promptly and efficiently, and has no unpleasant after-effects. One lemon should be properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself the following day. The remedy will work off an attack of chills and fever if it is properly used.

CAUTION TO BATHERS.—An authority in the London *Lancet* emphatically points out the danger of the morning tub used in cold weather without discretion. He cautions the old, and the weakly of any age, from the danger of too sudden or too prolonged cold bathing; he exposes the absurdity of the blind faith in reaction; he explains how persons are deluded by producing a factitious redness by hard rubbing with a coarse towel, for the circulation thus excited is only temporary, and the effect of cold on the nerve-center is masked, not changed, by the device; and, finally, he declares that it is better by far to use warm water to wash with, and to sprinkle the cold lightly, in such quantity as may be most agreeable, if cold effusion does not at once cause florid redness and a defined and proper glow. As to cleanliness, it must be patent to every body who observes how dirty the hands become in cold weather that the cold bath is a mistake. The *Lancet* points out that "a good wash in slightly warm water, with plenty of soap, is far better, and has the special advantage of being safe."

TYPHOIDE FVER.—Typhoid fever is of all diseases, pre-eminently a *filth* disease, traceable with as much certainty as fire from smoke. Wherever it exists it points unequivocally to unremoved filth; and is a disease, therefore, altogether and wholly preventable by proper sanitary measures. Notwithstanding, during the census year of 1870, there were, in the United States, 22,187 preventable deaths from typhoid fever. But, had there been the same ratio to the total population of the United States as in Philadelphia during Centennial year, the mortality from this cause would have been over 37,000. And this was far from being all, as regards Philadelphia All over the country fatal cases of typhoid fever, and oth r diseases nearly allied to it, were attributable to the Centennial visitation—the neglected drainage, criminal insufficiency of water-closets, and bad plumbing. These conditions, so prominently manifest at the Centennial, and apparently to an extraordinary degree in Philadelphia even yet, as judged by the prevalence of typhoid fever, are, of all causes of mortality, the most criminal, because the most easily preventable. Universal experience attests that water-closets inadequately provided with means for speedy and complete cleansing and aeration are prolific sources of typhoid fever and kindred affections in all temperate latitudes, and, with prevailing high temperature and moisture, of the still more deadly disease, yellow fever. And all the more dangerous are these conditions because they are not infrequently the means of spreading that disease to distant places. The existence of typhoid fever or allied diseases in any place is prima facie evidence of filthy surroundings.—*Sanitarian.*

KEEPING THE TEETH CLEAN.—Mr. G. A. Mills gives in *Dental Cosmos* some sensible advice about cleaning the teeth. While there is, he says, a general use of tooth-brushes by the people, there is, also, not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and the lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the cheek and posterior surfaces of the third molars and the lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth. "I am sure," says Mr. Mills, "that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this service. It can not be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly should be begun as early as possible. Straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones most neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud-shaped or convex, are the best. There are several efficient forms." The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the quill toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients. The value of a decided polished surface of the tooth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest. Few dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which are now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face. The general idea among the people is that interfering with the surfaces of the teeth destroys the enamel, but this is a popular error.

A Rapid and Perilous Descent on Snow-Shoes.

The Leadville (Col.) *Chronicle* gives the following account of the perilous journey of Mr. F. G. McCandless, who made the trip from Ute City, in the Roaring Fork District, to Leadville on snow-shoes, 90 miles, in four days and a half: "The first 18 miles occupied three days of hard labor, and brought him to Independence Camp. Two days out of this three he was without food, having taken but one day's supply on starting. The difficulties in the road were appalling. Heavy, wet snows had laden the trees in the canyon and soaked them full of water. Cold weather froze them solid, and strong winds cracked them off their stumps like so many matches. This caused the narrow gulch to be completely filled with a dense brush or thicket of their snow-laden branches. The high, perpendicular, and heavily timbered walls of the canyon forbade any attempt to scale them, and to pass this all but unsurmountable obstruction McCandless saw that he must cut his way through or return. He chose the former course. A light "squaw ax" was his only tool, and was almost useless, from the fact that the wood was almost equal to rock in hardness. He had calculated on making Independence Camp the first night. His provision was gone, and there was nothing to do but toil on, or lie down and die. Night came on, dark and cold. No wolves howled to keep him company, nor was the roar of the mountain lion heard. Nothing broke the death-like silence, save the sharp thud of his little ax, as he cut his way, inch by inch, and foot by foot, through the gloomy defile. So passed the night, the day, and late in the afternoon, McCandless, haggard, pale, starving, and completely worn out, crawled up to the door of a cabin in Independence Camp. He was warmly welcomed and tenderly cared for, so that on the next morning he felt like pursuing his way.

"After a hearty breakfast he started again, reaching the foot of the range at the head of Independence Gulch at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. Another hour took him to the summit. He had a draw-knife with him, and he stopped to fix his snow-shoes. The edges were shaved down and the pole was sharpened. Then, securing every thing about his person carefully, and bracing himself for the perilous descent, he made the start. The crust of the snow was like ice, and neither shoes nor pole made any impression on it. This rendered any attempt at steering or slowing useless, and an idea of the rapidity with which the descent was made may be had when we state that it was just 10 o'clock when he left the summit, and four miles below, where he passed a cabin, he pulled out his watch, and it marked seven minutes past, showing a speed of over a mile in two minutes. It was while on this descent, and at the highest speed attained, that McCandless passed through the most imminent peril of the whole trip. As he drew near to timber line, a tall and sturdy pine, fully three feet in diameter, loomed up directly in his course. His hair stood on end, as every effort to swerve to one side of it proved vain until when, within a few feet of the tree, the snow had become a little softened by the sun, and a slight grip was taken by the shoes and pole. Expecting instant death, and with the mentally-uttered prayer of 'Good-by, Mac,' the man threw himself over until his shoulder touched the surface of the snow. A sharp 'zip,' and the tree was passed in safety. On down through the timber flew the slider, and soon the foot of the range was reached in safety. From there on he used his legs with such good effect that the Twin Lakes were reached at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, McCandless having made thirty-eight miles that day. Monday morning 10:30 he left the lakes, and at 12:30, two hours later, he was eating dinner at the Grand Hotel in this city.

"The snow-shoes on which this trip was made are worthy of mention. McCandless hewed them out himself at his cabin. Their length is thirteen feet nine inches each, while the guiding pole is thirteen feet long. McCandless is an expert in their use, having traveled, perhaps, thousands of miles upon them. In addition to his travels in all the noteworthy mining regions of America, he has visited and mined in the gold fields of Australia, the diamonds beds of Africa, and other notable foreign mining countries. He unreservedly declares, however, that his last trip, as detailed above, is by far the hardest and most perilous he has ever made. He will return to Roaring Forks in a few days by the same route and means."

PUFF CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flavor to taste.

A MEMBER of a School Board, not a thousand miles from Boston, visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spells well and reads well, but you haint sot still."